

THE BLACK ROBE.

By Wilkie Collins.

—AUTHOR OF—

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOON-STONE," "AFTER DARK," "NO NAME," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE LAW AND THE LADY," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC., ETC.

BOOK THE THIRD.

"Do you like dogs, Mr. Romayne?" he asked. "I see my spaniel's eyes saying that he likes you, and his tail begging you to take some notice of him." Romayne caressed the dog rather absently.

His new friend had unconsciously presented to him a new view of the darker aspect of his own life. Winterfield's refined pleasant manners, his generous readiness in placing the treasures of his library at a stranger's disposal, had already appealed irresistibly to Romayne's sensitive nature. The favorable impression was now greatly strengthened by the briefly bold treatment which he had just heard of a subject in which he was seriously interested.

"I must see more of this man," was his thought, as he patted the companionable spaniel.

Father Benwell's trained observation followed the vivid changes of expression on Romayne's face, and marked the eager look in his eyes as he lifted his head from the dog to the dog's master. The priest saw his opportunity and took it.

"Do you remain long at Ten Acres Lodge?" he said to Romayne.

"I scarcely know as yet. We have no other plans at present."

"You inherit the place, I think, from your late aunt, Lady Berwick?"

"Yes."

The tone of the reply was not very encouraging; Romayne felt no interest in talking of Ten Acres Lodge. Father Benwell persisted.

"I was told by Mrs. Eyrecourt," he went on, "that Lady Berwick had some fine pictures. Are they still at the Lodge?"

"Certainly. I couldn't live in a house without pictures."

Father Benwell looked at Winterfield.

"Another taste in common between you and Mr. Romayne," he said, "besides your liking for dogs."

This at once produced the desired result. Romayne eagerly invited Winterfield to see his pictures.

"There are not many of them," he said. "But they are really worth looking at. When will you come?"

"The sooner the better," Winterfield answered, cordially. "Will to-morrow do—by the noonday light?"

"Whenever you please. Your time is mine."

Among his other accomplishments Father Benwell was a chess-player. If his thoughts at that moment had been expressed in language they would have said, "Check to the queen."

CHAPTER IV.—THE END OF THE HONEYMOON.

On the next morning Winterfield arrived alone at Romayne's house. Having been included, as a matter of course, in the invitation to see the pictures Father Benwell had made an excuse, and had asked leave to defer the proposed visit. From his point of view he had nothing further to gain by being present at a second meeting between the two men in the absence of Stella. He had it, on Romayne's own authority, that she was in constant attendance on her mother, and that her husband was alone.

"Either Mrs. Eyrecourt will get better or she will die," Father Benwell reasoned. "I will make constant inquiries after her health, and in either case I shall know when Mrs. Romayne returns to Ten Acres Lodge. After that domestic visit the next time Mr. Winterfield visits Mr. Romayne I shall go and see the pictures."

It is one of the defects of a superstitious intellect to trust too implicitly to calculation, and to leave nothing to chance. Once or twice already Father Benwell had been (in the popular phrase) a little too clever—and chance had thrown him out. As events happened chance was destined to throw him out once more.

Of the most modest pretensions in regard to numbers and size the pictures collected by the late Lady Berwick were masterly works of modern art. With few exceptions they had been produced by the matchless English landscape painters of half a century since. There was no formal gallery here. The pictures were so few that they could be hung in excellent light in the different living-rooms of the villa. Turner, Constable, Collins, Danby, Galtcott, Linnell—the master of Beaupark house passed from one to the other with the enjoyment of a man who thoroughly appreciates the trust and finest landscape art that the world has yet seen.

"You had better not have asked me here," he said to Romayne, in his quietly good-humored way. "I can't part with those pictures when I say good-bye to-day. You will find me calling here again and again, till you are perfectly sick of me. Look at this sea picture. Who thinks of the brushes and palette of that painter? There, truth to nature and poetical feeling go hand in hand together. It is absolutely lovely—I could kiss that picture."

They were in Romayne's study when this odd outburst of enthusiasm escaped Winterfield. He happened to look toward the writing-table next. Some pages of manuscript, blotting and interlined with corrections, at once attracted his attention.

"Is that the forthcoming history?" he asked. "You are not one of the authors who perform the process of correction mentally—you revise and improve with the pen in your hand."

Romayne looked at him in surprise.

"I suspect, Mr. Winterfield, you have used your pen for other purposes than writing letters."

"No, indeed; you pay me an undeserved compliment. When you come to see me in Devonshire I can show you some manuscripts and corrected proofs, left by our great writers, collected by my father. My knowledge of the secrets of the craft has been gained by examining these literary treasures."

If the public only knew that every writer worthy of the name is the severest critic of his own book before it ever gets into the hands of the reviewers, how surprised they would be! The man who has worked in the full fervor of composition yesterday, is the same man who sits in severe and merciless judgment to-day on what he has himself produced. What a fascination there must be in the art which exacts and receives such double labor as this!

Romayne thought—not unkindly—of his wife. Stella had once asked him how long a time he was usually occupied in writing one page. The reply had filled her with pity and wonder.

"Why do you take all that trouble?" she had gently remonstrated. "It would be just the same to the people, darling, if you did it in half the time."

By way of changing the topic Romayne led his visitor into another room.

"I have a picture here," he said, "which belongs to a new school of painting. You have been talking of hard work in one art; there it is in another."

"Yes," said Winterfield; "there it is—the misdirected hard work which has been guided by no critical faculty, and which doesn't know where to stop. I try to admire it; and I end in pitying the poor artist. Look at that leafless forest tree, in the middle distance. Every little twig, on the smallest branch, is conscientiously painted—and the result is like a colored photograph. You don't look at a landscape as a series of separate parts; you don't discover every twig on a tree—you see the whole in nature, and you want to see the whole in a picture. That canvas presents a triumph of patience and pains, produced exactly as a piece of embroidery is produced, all in little separate bits, worked with the same mechanically complete care. I turn away from it to your shrubbery there, with an ungrateful sense of relief."

He walked to the window as he spoke. It looked out on the grounds in front of the house. At the same moment the noise of rolling wheels became audible on the drive. An open carriage appeared at the turn of the road. Winterfield called Romayne to the window.

"A visitor," he began, and suddenly drew back without saying a word more.

Romayne looked out and recognized his wife.

"Excuse me for one moment," he said; "it is Mrs. Romayne."

On that morning an improvement in the fluctuating state of Mrs. Eyrecourt's health had given Stella another of those opportunities of passing an hour or two with her husband which she so highly prized. Romayne hurried to meet her at the door too tardily to notice Winterfield standing in the corner to which he had retreated like a man petrified.

Stella had got out of the carriage when her husband reached the porch. She ascended the few steps that led to the hall as slowly and painfully as if she had been an infirm old woman. The delicately tinted color in her face had faded to an ashy white. She had seen Winterfield at the window.

For the moment Romayne looked at her in speechless consternation. He led her into the nearest room that opened out of the hall, and took her in his arms.

"My love, this nursing of your mother has completely broken you down!" he said, with the tenderest pity for her. "If you won't think of yourself, you must think of me. For my sake remain here, and take the rest that you need. I will be a tyrant, Stella, for the first time; I won't let you go back."

She roused herself and tried to smile, and hid the sad result from him in a kiss.

"I do feel the anxiety and fatigue," she said. "But my mother is really improving, and if it only continues the blessed sense of relief will make me strong again." She paused and roused all her courage in anticipation of the next words—so trivial and so terrible—that must sooner or later be pronounced. "You have a visitor," she said.

"Did you see him at the window? A really delightful man. I know you will like him. Under any other circumstances I should have introduced him. You are not well enough to see strangers to-day."

She was too determined to prevent Winterfield from ever entering the house again to shrink from the meeting.

"I am not so ill as you think, Lewis," she said, bravely. "When you go to your new friend, I will go with you. I am a little tired, that's all."

Romayne looked at her anxiously.

"Let me get you a glass of wine," he said.

She consented—she really felt the need of it. As he turned away to ring the bell, she put the question which had been in her mind from the moment when she had seen Winterfield.

"How did you become acquainted with this gentleman?"

"Through Father Benwell."

She was not surprised by the answer—her suspicion of the priest had remained in her mind from the night of Lady Loring's ball. The future of her married life depended on her capacity to check the growing intimacy between the two men. In that conviction she found the courage to face Winterfield.

How should she meet him? The impulse of the moment pointed to the shortest way out of the dreadful position in which she was placed—it was to treat him like a stranger. She drank her glass of wine, and took Romayne's arm.

"We mustn't keep your friend waiting any longer," she resumed. "Come!"

As they crossed the hall she looked suspiciously toward the house-door. Had he taken the opportunity of leaving the villa? At any other time she would have remembered that the plainest laws of good breeding compelled him to wait for Romayne's return. His own knowledge of the world would tell him that an act of gross rudeness, committed by a well-bred man, would inevitably excite suspicion of some unworthy motive—and might, perhaps, connect that motive with her unexpected appearance at the house. Romayne opened the door and they entered the room together.

"Mr. Winterfield, let me introduce you to Mrs. Romayne."

They bowed to each other, they spoke the conventional words proper to the occasion—but the effort that it cost them showed itself. Romayne perceived an unusual formality in his wife's manner, and a strange disappearance of Winterfield's easy grace of address. Was he one of the few men, in these days, who are shy in the presence of women? And was the change in Stella attributable, perhaps, to the state of her health? The explanation might, in either case, be the right one. He tried to set them at their ease.

"Mr. Winterfield is so pleased with the pictures that he means to come and see them again," he said to his wife. "And one of his favorites happens to be your favorite, too."

She tried to look at Winterfield, but her eyes sank. She could turn toward him, and that was all. "Is it the sea picture in the study?" she said to him, faintly.

"Yes," he answered, with formal politeness; "it seems to be one of the painter's finest works."

Romayne looked at him in unconcealed wonder. To what flat commonplace Winterfield's lively enthusiasm had sunk in Stella's presence! She perceived that some unfavorable impression had been produced on her husband, and interposed with a timely suggestion. Her motive was not only to divert Romayne's attention from Winterfield, but to give him a reason for leaving the room.

The little water-color drawing in my bedroom is by the same artist," she said. "Mr. Winterfield might like to see it. If you will ring the bell, Lewis, I will send my maid for it."

Romayne had never allowed the servants to touch his works of art since the day when a zealous housemaid had tried to wash one of his plaster casts. He made the reply which his wife had anticipated.

"No, no!" he said, "I will fetch the drawing myself." He turned gaily to Winterfield. "Prepare yourself for another work that you would like to kiss."

He smiled and left the room.

The instant the door was closed Stella approached Winterfield. Her beautiful face became distorted by a mingled expression of rage and contempt. She spoke to him in a fierce, peremptory whisper.

"Have you any consideration for me left?"

His look at her, as she put that question, revealed the most complete contrast between his face and hers. Compassionate sorrow was in his eyes, tender forbearance and respect spoke in his tones, as he answered her.

"I have more than consideration for you, Stella."

She angrily interrupted him.

"How dare you call me by my Christian name?"

He remonstrated with a gentleness that might have touched the heart of any woman.

"Do you still refuse to believe that I never deceived you?" Has time not softened your heart to me yet?"

She was more contemptuous toward him than ever.

"Spare me your protestations," she said; "I heard enough of them two years since. Will you do what I ask of you?"

"You know that I will."

"Put an end to your acquaintance with my husband. Put an end to it," she repeated, vehemently, "from this day, at once and forever! Can I trust you to do it?"

"Do you think I would have entered this house if I had known he was your husband?" He made that reply with a sudden change in him—with a rising color and in firm tones of indignation.

In a moment more his voice softened again, and his kind blue eyes rested on her sadly and devotedly. "You can trust me to do more than you ask," he resumed. "You have made a mistake."

"What mistake?"

"When Mr. Romayne introduced us you met me like a stranger—and you left me no choice but to do as you did."

"I wish you to be a stranger."

For sharper replies made no change in his manner. He spoke as kindly and as patiently as ever.

"You forget that you and your mother were my guests at Beaupark two years ago."

Stella understood what he meant, and more. In an instant she remembered that Father Benwell had been at Beaupark house. Had he heard of the visit? She clasped her hands in speechless terror.

Winterfield gently reassured her.

"You must not be frightened," he said. "It is in the last degree unlikely that Mr. Romayne will ever find out that you were at my house. If he does, and if you deny it, I will do for you what I would do for any other human creature—I will deny it, too. You are safe from discovery. Be happy—and forget me."

For the first time she showed signs of relenting—she turned her head away and sighed. Although her mind was full of the serious necessity of warning him against Father Benwell, she had not even command enough over her own voice to ask how he had become acquainted with the priest. His manly devotion, the perfect and pathetic sincerity of his respect, pleaded with her, in spite of herself. For a moment she paused to recover her composure. In that moment Romayne returned to them with the drawing in his hand.

"There!" he said. "It's nothing this time but some children gathering flowers on the outskirts of a wood. What do you think of it?"

"What I thought of the larger work," Winterfield answered. "I could look at it by the hour together." He consulted his watch. "But time is a hard master, and tells me that my visit must come to an end. Thank you, most sincerely."

He bowed to Stella. Romayne thought his guest might have taken the English freedom of shaking hands.

"When will you come and look at the pictures again?" he asked. "Will you dine with us, and see how they bear the lamplight?"

"I am sorry to say I must beg you to excuse me. My plans are altered since we met yesterday. I am obliged to leave London."

Romayne was unwilling to part with him on these terms.

"You will let me know when you are next in town?" he said.

"Certainly!"

With that short answer he hurried away.

Romayne waited a little in the hall before he went back to his wife. Stella's reception of Winterfield, though not positively ungracious, was, nevertheless, the reverse of encouraging. What extraordinary caprice had made her insensible to the social attractions of a man so unaffectedly agreeable? It was not wonderful that Winterfield's cordiality should have been chilled by the cold welcome that he had received from the mistress of the house. At the same time some allowance was to be made for the influence of Stella's domestic anxieties, and some sympathy was claimed by the state of her health. Although her husband shrunk from distressing her by any immediate reference to her reception of his friend, he could not disguise from himself that she had disappointed him. When he went back to the room Stella was lying on the sofa, with her face turned toward the wall. She was in tears, and she was afraid to let him see it. "I won't disturb you," he said, and withdrew to his study. The precious volume which Winterfield had so kindly placed at his disposal was on the table waiting for him.

Father Benwell had lost nothing by not being present at the presentation of Winterfield to Stella. He had witnessed a plain betrayal of emotion when they met unexpectedly in Lord Loring's picture-gallery. But if he had seen Romayne reading in his study and Stella crying secretly on the sofa he might have written to Rome by that day's post, and might have announced that he had sown the first seeds of disunion between husband and wife.

CHAPTER V.—FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Secretary S. J., Rome.

"In my last few hasty lines I was only able to inform you of the unexpected arrival of Mrs. Romayne while Winterfield was visiting her husband. If you remember, I warned you not to attach any undue importance to my absence on that occasion. My present report will satisfy my reverend brethren that the interests committed to me are as safe as ever in my hands."

"I have paid three visits, at certain intervals. The first to Winterfield (briefly mentioned in my last letter); the second to Romayne; the third to the invalid lady, Mrs. Eyrecourt. In every case I have been rewarded by important results."

"We will revert to Winterfield first. I found him at the hotel enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke, and looking like a gloomy and dissatisfied man. Assuming not to notice this I asked him how he liked Romayne's pictures."

"I envy him his pictures." That was the only answer.

"And how do you like Mrs. Romayne?" I inquired next.

"He laid down his pipe and looked at me attentively. My face (I flatter myself) defied discovery. He inhaled another mouthful of tobacco and began to play with his dog. 'If I must answer your question,' he burst out suddenly, 'I didn't get a very gracious reception from Mrs. Romayne.' There he abruptly stopped. He is a thoroughly transparent man; you see straight into his mind, through his eyes. I perceived that he was only telling me a part (perhaps a small part) of the truth."

"Can you account for such a reception as you describe?" I asked. He answered, shortly, 'No.'

"A lady's prejudices," I proceeded, in the friendliest way, 'are never taken seriously by a sensible man. You have placed Mr. Romayne under obligations to your kindness—he is eager to improve his acquaintance with you. You will go again to Ten Acres Lodge?'

"He gave me another short answer. 'I think not.'"

"I said I was sorry to hear it. 'However,' I added, 'you can always see him here, when you are in London.'"

"He puffed a big volume of smoke and made no remark. I declined to be put down by silence and smoke. 'Or perhaps,' I persisted, 'you will honor me by meeting him at a simple little dinner at my lodgings?' Being a gentleman, he was of course obliged to answer this. He said: 'You are very kind; I would rather not. Shall we talk of something else, Father Benwell?'

"We talked of something else. He was just as amiable as ever, but he was not in good spirits."

"I think I shall run over to Paris before the end of the month," he said.

"To make a long story short," he said, "Oh, no. Call in a week or ten days, and you will find me here again."

"When I got up to go he returned with his own accord to the forbidden subject. He said: 'I must beg you to do me two favors. The first is, not to let Mr. Romayne know that I am still in London. The second is, not to ask me for any explanations.'"

"The result of my interview may be stated in very few words. It has advanced me one step nearer to discovery. Winterfield's voice, look and manner satisfied me of this—the true motive of his sudden change of feeling toward Romayne is jealousy of the man who has married Miss Eyrecourt. Those compromising circumstances which called the inquiries of my agent are associated, in plain English, with a love affair."

Remember all that I have told you of Romayne's peculiar disposition, and imagine if you can what the consequences of such a disclosure will be when we are in a position to enlighten the master of Vange Abbey!"

"As to the present relations between the husband and wife, I have only to tell you next what passed when I visited Romayne a day or two later. I did well to keep Fenrose at our disposal. We shall wait him again."

(To be Continued.)

A Romantic Tramp.

Frank Williams, a fifty-eight years of age, a tramp, found sleeping in a gutter on Second Avenue on Tuesday evening. The thermometer was about forty above zero. Yesterday he was arraigned before Justice Power, in the Hudson police court. He said he had just come out of the island.

"Where is your home?" asked the justice.

"This city is my home," said Williams, with a sweeping wave of his arm; "but when the gentle zephyrus fan the cheek, and the songs of birds gladden the heart, I wander through the majestic woods of the rural districts, listening to the bobolink calling to its mate, and the merry chirp of the cricket. I am a lover of nature."

"Yes," interrupted the justice, "and until that happy time arrives I will send you to fast upon the bean soup and turnip-broth of the workhouse. Your eyes for nature's grandeur will be gratified by the storms on the East river as it flows by your island home."

Williams read "three months" on the a minutes in the hands of the officer who was taking him downstairs, and a smile of peace and serenity lighted up his face.—New York Sun.

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FARM NOTES.

A Wisconsin farmer 23 years ago planted a piece of waste land, unfit for cultivation, with black-walnut trees. They are now from 16 to 20 inches in diameter and have been sold for \$27,000.

Horsedrawn can only be profitably cultivated as an annual crop. The soil planted in spring becomes a large root by fall, with but few side roots, and should then be dug. If left in the ground a second year, the branch roots of the horse-drawn plant grow large and are very difficult to eradicate.

The best feed for fattening early lambs for market, can be made from corn. Have the corn cracked coarse, then take a fine flanning mill sieve, and sift out the fine meal and feed the coarse meal to the lambs for a few days. The meal get up their noses. They should also have a good ration of roots. And above all they require good early cut clover.

Tobacco stalks are more or less gradually being looked upon as especially adapted for a manure for potatoes. The stalks are cut very easily on a power fodder cutter, and if cut in the winter when filled with frost, and piled away, they will heat, and by spring will be found in a most perfect condition for application as a crop needing ready manure of great strength.

For some years past producers of new varieties of potatoes seem to have made earliness one of the main points sought for, and they have succeeded in bringing out quite a number of excellent varieties that are remarkably early. Early maturity in some cases is desirable, but for a general crop, which is not to be marketed until winter, nothing is gained by it, except that the bugs have a shorter time to feed on the vines. Market gardeners want a crop that will ripen early, so do people who live in high northern latitudes, but for this climate for a general crop I prefer the larger stalked, later growing varieties.

—Cott. Country Gentleman.

All varieties of poultry can be kept well and economically upon screenings composed of all manner of seeds. They can be also kept upon table refuse, sour milk and decaying meat scraps and musty grain. This may be an inducement for keeping poultry, but the question arises whether it is the best. The answer is, it is not. The quality of eggs and flesh is desired. Beef may be fed on distillery slops, but the quality is very much inferior to corn-fed beef. Onions, cabbage, clover, and other water-cresses are excellent for the butter and milk of the cows to which they are fed. Pork made from corn is very much superior to the swill-fed article. When a fine quality of eggs and chickens are desired, poultry should be reared on clean and healthy food. Their digestive organs may do their duty. Care should be taken to see that the poultry house is properly ventilated and not kept too warm, as a vitiated atmosphere has very much to do with the profit and health of the flock. Poultry to be kept profitably, must be watered, housed, and fed abundantly, with frequent changes in diet.

Maine.

The proposition submitted to the voters of Bangor to make arrangements with the Bangor and Piscataquis railroad to extend its line to Bangor, was defeated by a vote of 12,000 to 10,000.

Rev. Dr. Van Dusen of the Catholic church at Bangor has resigned, and is going to Rome, where he expects to publish the history of the Catholic church in Maine.

The annual session of the grand lodge of Good Templars of the state will be held in Portland April 24 and 25.

The resolution looking to a return to annual sessions of the Legislature has been referred to the next Legislature.

The committee of the Legislature on the insane asylum has prepared a report virtually endorsing the management of the hospital, which will be signed by all but one.

Many members of the Legislature think that a session will be necessary next winter.

New Hampshire.

Manchester has appropriated \$8000 to enlarge its public library.

About \$60,000 of stock in the proposed new cotton mill at Portsmouth has been subscribed, and but little doubt is entertained as to the success of the project.

A Franklin man is the possessor of a piano which was formerly owned by John Hancock, revolutionary hero.

There is now pending before the supreme court the question as to the constitutionality of the law imposing a tax on church property exceeding \$10,000 in value, raised by the petition of the Franklin-street Congregational church of Manchester to have its tax abated.

A couple have recently been married in Portsmouth, who had been through the ceremony of matrimony a number of times before, and five times respectively.

The state, while admitting that it has never had but one cabinet officer, claims a great many more. The cabinet of New Hampshire, Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, Gen. Dix, Salmon P. Chase, Zachariah Chandler, Marshall Jewell, Nathan Clifford and others.

Vermont.

Standard was unable to elect any listers at its town meeting, not a man in the place being willing to accept the office under the new law.

The Troy conference of the Methodist church, which meets at Glen Falls, N. Y., April 28, is expected to decide against the refractory members of the Burlington district. The churches have already conveyed their property into the hands of trustees to be held until the matter is settled.

Three hundred and fifteen boys competed for the prizes offered to Vermont boys under 17 by two of the trustees of the university of Vermont and the state agricultural college, for the best yields in corn and potatoes. Frank J. Hubbard of Whiting took the first prize for corn, the prize being \$25 and a silver cup, and the university for four years. Lewis B. Breed of Goheen took the first prize for potatoes, the prize being the same.

Edgar S. Tuttle of Newburyport, Frank J. Hubbard took the second prize.

Ex-President Hayes and C. T. Sampson of North Adams, Mass., are among recent contributors to the Bennington battle monument, giving \$1000.

The first national bank of North Bennington is going to reduce its capital from \$500,000 to \$100,000, and will retire \$350,000 of its circulation.

There have been 15 hangings since 1788, of which 10 were by the gallows. There are now three persons awaiting execution. Carr, who is to be hanged next month, and Almon and Mrs. Meeker.

Massachusetts.

Taunton is reported as never having been so prosperous since the war as now. The city is going to build a new city hall, large numbers of new houses are being built, the local trade is booming, and over time, and everything is booming. Land has been broken for a new mill to be 400 feet long and 4 stories high, and the local trade is made to several manufacturing interests.

The state of Gen. Prescott by Story is so well advanced that it will be unveiled on Bunker Hill June 17. Mr. Story is said to have made a tour into the work and produced an excellent likeness.

The Catholic colonization company of Boston will send out 40 families for Nebraska.

Small-pox has appeared at Westfield.

The state Sabbath committee has issued a circular to all the clergymen in the state, calling for remonstrances against the proposed Sunday train law.

Extensive surveys are being made in Ashland, relative to an additional water supply for Boston, and surveys will also soon be made in Marlboro for a supply basin.

The stockholders of the three Nantucket beach railroads have voted to consolidate, forming one company with \$250,000 capital.

The Boston and Roxbury mill company is said to have sold the land on Beacon street, Boston, between Gloucester and Haverford streets, for \$7.75 to \$8 per square foot.

Rhode Island.

Le Baron B. Colt, nominated for United States district judge, is a graduate of Yale in 1860 and of the law at the law school in 1870, has been twice in the Legislature and is related to the Colts of Hartford, Ct.

The New York, Providence and Boston railroad petition the Legislature to leave to lease the Pawtucket valley and Pontiac railroads for a term of years.

The supreme court has decided in favor of the New York and New England railroad in the matter of that road's ownership of the Hartford, Providence, and Fiskville railroad. Providence has for some time withheld delivery of the bonds of the latter road, but will now have to give them up.

Thomas Motley, vice-president of the Massachusetts humane society, called at the Line Rock light-house recently and presented Ida Lewis, the keeper, with the society's medal, for saving the lives of two soldiers from Fort Adams, who broke through the ice on the harbor last week.

Rocky Point, near Providence, on which it is claimed \$1,500,000 has been spent, is offered for sale for \$400,000, together with five steamships and the Continental steamboat company.

Connecticut.

The Hartford reservoirs are all full now except the big one at Farmington, which has about 500,000,000 gallons out of a capacity of 600,000,000. Millions of gallons are running to waste at the other reservoirs.

Prof. J. M. Van Vleet of Wesleyan university and Oliver Hoyt of Stamford have been appointed delegates to the astronomical meeting conference at London in September.

The small-pox has broken out in New Britain. All the doctors are busy vaccinating, and over 100 persons have been vaccinated within a short time.

The Groton centennial committee are considering the question of inviting

Whittier to be the poet of the occasion. There is to be a sham battle, in which the regiments of state troops will take part, while volunteers from New London and Groton will conduct the defense. The programme has not been definitely decided on, but it is proposed to have but one day's exercises.

Naugatuck, with a population of 4779, spent \$7744 last year for the expenses of criminal procedure, and the town attorney, who has been investigating the matter, thinks there has been much overpayment for crime to litigant, and said no one deplored the death of his wife more than himself.

The legislative committee on manufactures has decided to report a bill requiring the erection of fire escapes in all buildings where more than 12 men are employed above the second floor.

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last year were the largest on record, exceeding those of 1879 by 15,000,000 francs.

Inwood has been settled on as the site for the world's fair.

Concessions have already been made to medical exhibitors by Emperor Alexander III.

ALEXANDER II.

HISTORY OF THE SLAUGHTERED EMPEROR—WHERE THE ROMAN CAME FROM—SKETCH OF EMPEROR ALEXANDER III.

When his father was made czar in 1825, Alexander was seven years old. He had a hard time of it all his youth with military tutors and tannic lake; he never took kindly to it, and notwithstanding the frequent wars in which he has been engaged, his whole desire has not been for peace and for the internal development of his vast empire. Assuming the throne in the midst of the Crimean war, he brought it to an end as soon as that was feasible, and immediately followed the example of his father by reducing the army to as low limits as seemed possible, and by schemes for financial and commercial advancement; maturing meanwhile the great measure for the emancipation of the serfs, which has been his great and just distinction.

This was proclaimed in 1861, and three years later the Polish serfs were likewise freed.

The czar's life has been more than one of peace. He was born in 1818, in St. Petersburg, in 1840, then in Paris as he rode in Napoleon III's carriage in 1867; and the recent attempts to blow him up in a railroad train near Moscow and in the winter palace are fresh in memory.

These latter attempts to destroy him have been notified that their responsibility has been accepted.

Proposals will be received at the department of state up to May 1, 1881, for the erection of a monument to the birthplace of George Washington, in pursuance of the joint resolution of Congress, approved February 26, 1881.

Among the more prominent positions that he has held in the government have been made by President Garfield, is that of commissioner of agriculture. There are many names mentioned, among which are those of Dr. Feltout, George, Mr. Le Duc, the present incumbent; Mr. Carmen, the present chief clerk of the department, and Dr. Loring of Massachusetts.

Ex-Secretary Schurz has been used for \$300,000 damages by a patent claim lawyer.

The Legislature of Penn., sent a petition to Congress demanding the abolition of polygamy.

Secretary Windom refused the request of the banks for a return of the legal tender notes.

In receipt of the news of the assassination of the czar, Secretary Windom telegraphed to St. Petersburg the sympathies of the government.

Treasurer Gillfillan has ordered 150,000 standard silver dollars delivered from the United States mint, to be sent to banks in that city. It is presumed at the treasury department that the money is required for the payment of leases falling due in Philadelphia.

As a rule, things go on as though there had been no break in the administration, and it is not expected that there will be any general order for removals.

The steam whaler Mary and Helen has been purchased by the navy department for \$100,000, to go in search of the missing fleet.

A solemn religious service in honor of the czar was held at the Russian legation in Washington recently.

The inaugural decoration committee reports that the czar's medals will be given to the committee was \$3000, of which \$244.42 was expended, making a balance of \$155.58 on hand.

Mahone of Virginia is the central figure of attraction at present.

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Bismarck accuses the Berlin municipal authorities of unfairly assessing his estate, and has threatened to sue them.

Chief Engineer James W. Whitaker of the United States navy died recently in Brooklyn, N. Y., from an attack of erysipelas, resulting from recent vaccination.

A large fire broke out in the works of Buffalo, N. Y., owned by Dr. Alderson & Patterson, exploded recently, instantly killing six men and wounding several others, one of the proprietors, Mr. Patterson, being among the killed.

The epizootic is prevailing to a serious extent in San Francisco, greatly increasing the street-car companies.

The Southern cotton crop, it is estimated, will aggregate the present year 6,000,000 bales.

Advice from Honolulu report that the small-pox epidemic is abating. About 1000 persons have been quarantined in that place.

Henry Genet, of New York, one of the convicted Tweed ring thieves, was sentenced a few days ago to the penitentiary for eight months and to pay a fine of \$2000.

European financiers await the announcement of Secretary Windom's views on the pending silver inflation and other matters affecting the American credit abroad.

A settlement, according to Joubert, might be effected by the annexation of the portion of the Transvaal on the north side of the Vaal river and giving the Boers a republic on the other side, the British being indemnified for war expenses by this additional territory.

As the Emperor Alexander was returning from a parade in the Michel Manege, about 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the 13th inst., a bomb was thrown which exploded under the czar's carriage, which was considerably damaged.

The czar, slightly injured, but a second bomb exploded at his feet, shattering both legs below the knee, and inflicting other terrible injuries. The czar was immediately conveyed, in an unconscious state, to the winter palace, where he died at 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon.

Two persons were concerned in the crime one of whom was seized immediately. The explosion also killed an officer and wounded many soldiers and policemen and other persons were injured.

The Sagasta cabinet at Madrid has proposed to the king to grant amnesty to a Protestant clergyman, now suffering imprisonment, for holding religious worship in Catalonia without having complied with the stringent regulations of the law cabinet against the Protestant propaganda in Madrid.

The Indian government has granted the sum of 8000 rupees to the tea syndicate to help the opening of the tea trade with America.

Gen. Urton committed suicide recently in San Francisco. He was the author of the present system of infantry tactics, and a veteran of the late war.

Charles S. C., is to have a \$400,000 commission to visit Vienna.

An order has been published at Vienna prohibiting the importation into Austria of swine, pork, bacon, or sausages from the United States.

The British will assist the Rajah of Manipal in his efforts to repelling the threatened Burmese invasion.

The Swiss exports to the United States

COOPER UNION.

Sketch of the Life of the Venerable Philip Thompson—The Cooper Union.

On the recent anniversary of Peter Cooper's ninetieth birthday the New York Herald contributed the following sketch of this philanthropist's life and of his magnificent gift to the people of New York—the Cooper Union:

He was born in this city on the twelfth of February, 1791. His maternal grandfather, John Campbell, of this city, who was a wealthy gentleman, general in the Revolutionary army, expended much of his private fortune in the cause, and Mr. Cooper's father was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary army. The son, apprenticed to a coachmaker, learned that trade, but went into other industries, and at length began to deal in glass and iron, and in that branch of trade he continued for more than forty years.

In 1830 he erected extensive iron works in Canton, near Baltimore, and in 1845 he founded the Trenton, N. J., which was then the largest rolling mill in the United States, for making railroad iron. In 1830 he built, after his own designs, the first engine ever constructed in the Western hemisphere, and it was operated successfully on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. He served, many years ago, in both branches of the New York common council, and was one of the promoters of the Ocean aqueduct.

In 1870 he was the donor of the Greenback party for President of the United States. As vice-president of the New York Public School society, he it was merged in the board of education, and since that time he has been the guiding spirit of our common school system, and it became his ambition to found an educational institution for the working classes. Hence the Cooper Union for the advancement of science and art.

When Mr. Cooper transferred the edifice to the trustees in 1857 it had cost \$830,226; the additional story he has just completed cost \$70,000, and to these sums the founder has added a special endowment of \$50,000 for the support and increase of the free reading room and library. Since dedication day, in 1857, the trustees have expended more than \$850,000 in free instruction, and the cost of the free schools has been gradually increased until it amounts to \$50,000 annually. Day and evening schools have been maintained eight months in every year, and more than four thousand pupils have been taught in the departments of science and art. In addition to the free instruction, the pupils employed by the institution have delivered in the lecture-rooms free discourses on natural philosophy, chemistry, English literature, rhetoric and elocution, and in the large hall, which seats 1,896 persons and has standing room for 500 more, popular free lectures have been delivered every Saturday evening in winter. There are more than 1000 students in the evening schools of science and art, and of the youths whose ambition is to become producers. It is the purpose of the trustees to guide the pupils to independence, and their theory is put in practice by the students, who are required to earn for themselves last year \$13,000 from the sale of their works.

The woman's art school has a permanent endowment, and many gifts have been made to it by philanthropic men and women. The trustees of the institution, having a surplus left in their financial arrangements, gave \$1,700 of it to the art school, to help such indigent students as cannot pay all their expenses of living while attending the school. The class in wood engraving earned for themselves \$1,245 while pursuing their studies last year, and some of the graduates found employment at good wages in the city, thus severing their connection with the school.

In the school of telegraphy the Western Union telegraph company pays a teacher to train pupils in the company's methods, and previous to the introduction of the telegraph into the city the number of private instruments in this city created a greater demand for women operators than the school could supply; but the situation is changed since the telegraph has begun to supersede telegraph instruments.

One hundred and fifty-three American and fifty-eight foreign newspapers, daily and weekly, and ninety-four magazines are kept on file in the free reading-room, which is the largest in superficial area and in the number of volumes contained about fifteen thousand volumes. The reading-room is open from eight every morning until ten o'clock every evening, except on Sundays, when it is open at ten A. M. and closed at nine P. M.

It is visited by an average of two thousand persons daily, and in the winter evenings it is one of the most popular spots in New York. Every chair is occupied by a reader; the alcoves are filled with readers; the corridors are thronged with readers; and the whole is a scene of intellectual activity.

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